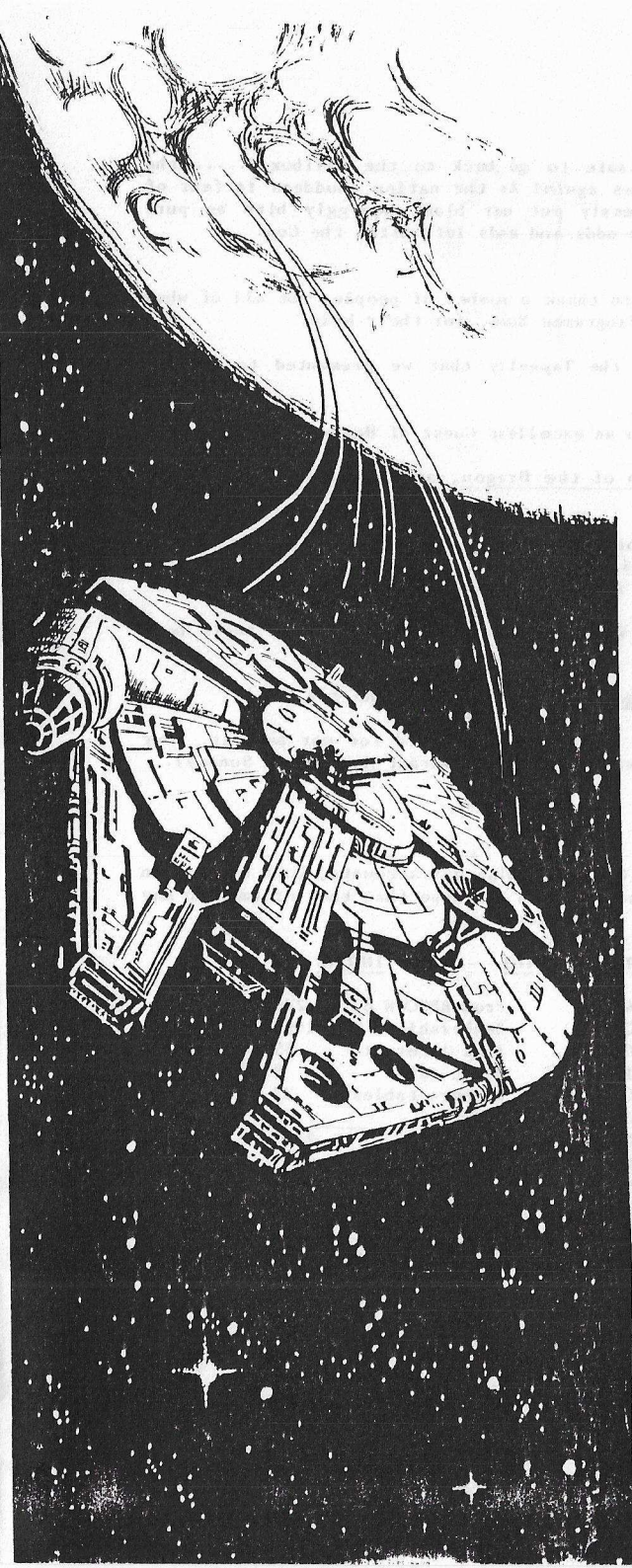




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BECCON

Just as you thought it was safe to go back to the mailbox..... the lurking Progress Report strikes again! As the nation shudders in fear of another Phetifloon, we fearlessly put our black squiggly bits on pure white paper to tidy up all the odds and ends left after the Con.

To start with, we would like to thank a number of people, not all of whom we managed to mention in the Programme Book, for their help:

Sylvia Starshine, for making the Tapestry that we presented to Richard Cowper as a memento.

Richard Cowper, for being such an excellent Guest of Honour.

Fantast Medway, At the Sign of the Dragon, and Perilous Dreams, for providing our Bookroom.

The Organisers and Cast (about 30 people, in various capacities) of "Spock in Manacles", for their professionalism, and the dedication that had them rehearsing while the rest of you were having breakfast.

The Fireworks Crew who also worked long and hard to produce their best show yet.

Jill and Wanda Armstrong-Bridges for running the creche for us.

Most of the Hotel staff, who worked long and hard for our benefit. (Our apologies to anyone who suffered from the Restaurant Manager on Sunday).

ACCOUNTS

As a matter of principle we like to publish our accounts, both so you can see what we did with your money, and in the hope that the information may be of some interest to future Conventions.

<u>ITEM</u>	<u>EXPENDITURE</u>	<u>ITEM</u>	<u>INCOME</u>
	£		£
Postage	173.14	From BECCON 83	228.55
Stationery	36.00	Memberships	2466.00
Expenses	56.00	Bank interest	59.78
Printing	340.31	Badge sales	2.30
Badges	24.00	Dealers tables	22.50
Insurance	30.00		
Fireworks	130.00	<u>TOTAL</u>	<u>2779.13</u>
Films - equipment etc	107.46		
Film hire	306.94		
Hotel - hire of halls	350.00	BALANCE IN HAND:-	
Panel drinks	159.39		
Guests	157.75		
Gratuities	100.00		
Prizes	44.00		
Miscellaneous	39.22		
Creche	83.00		
Spock In Manacles	130.46		
Newspapers	15.71		
<u>TOTAL</u>	<u>2283.38</u>		

Well, those are the bare figures - just a few comments to put them in perspective;

1. As we have already said, the balance in hand will be put towards the BECCON 87 EASTERCON bid. For more information on that bid, see the Bid Report enclosed with this PR.
2. The Committee paid for their own memberships and hotel rooms.
3. Printing etc costs do not include the costs of producing and distributing this PR, which will cut the balance in hand. The printing shown above is a very low cost, as some was done free of charge.
4. All those newspapers you were reading were provided by the Convention.
5. Money was raised for Live Aid as follows:

Collection	£209.79
Sale of tapes	£ 75.00
Sale of zines	£ 86.00
Sale of scripts	£112.50
Auction commission	£ 89.43

Total	£572.72

The Committee would like to thank you all for your generosity in this good cause.

MEMBERSHIP

To keep things up to date, here is a list of members who joined since the Programme Book went to press. We were pleased to have received memberships from all over Europe, Sweden, the USA, and even from Scotland. Quite a lot of people seem to have done Albacon, and then come down to BECCON the next weekend!

A = Attending D = Day Membership C = Cat(?)

298A NIALI ROSS	311C TRILLION	324A R D HARWOOD
299A A MACDONALD	312A STEPHEN REDBURN	325A A J SULLIVAN
300A WOLF	313A JEANETTE WARREN	326D DAVE LANGFORD
301A RUTH FRENCH	314A CLIVE WARREN	327A SALLY NICHOLSON
302A PHILIP NANSON	315A ALAN CORDON	328A CLIVE SHORTELL
303A ANDERS HOLMSTROM	316A JEAN THOMPSON	329D SUSAN COURNEY
304A BEN DAILY	317A MIRANDA ALDHAM-BREARY	330A PAMELA BUCKMASTER
305A MAGNUS ERIKSSON	318A ZOE DETERDING	331A JULIET EYEIONS
306A MARTIN WALLACE	319A TREVOR BARKER	332D MARTIN DICKSON
307C EMMA	320A JAMES ARMSTRONG BRIDGE	333A SHERRY FRANCIS
308A NAVEED KHAN	321A MARK McCANN	334D EDMUND POLE
309A GARY M BILKUS	322D MALCOLM HODKIN	335D MARTIN MEMBERY
310A PHILIP FINE	323D CATHY WIGZELL	336D KEITH MITCHELL

We would like to thank all those people who have supported us at BECCONS in 1981, 1983, and in 1985, at our "small regional(!)" venue. As you will probably have gathered we are now bidding for the 1987 Eastercon, to show what we can offer on a larger stage, and we hope that we can count on your support in this venture.

Remember, "It is a far, far BECCON thing I do."

OLD FATHER PHETILFOON

We bring you a rhyme from the days of Earl Norbert Phetilfoon's old age,
as he rests on his laurels after a long life around the Galaxy.

by Roger Perkins (With apologies to Lewis Carroll and Robert Southey).

You are old, Earl Norbert, the young man said,
And your voice is all of a tremble.
Yet you argued the case for a bicycle lane,
What gave you the strength to dissemble?

In my youth, said Earl Norbert, to expand my chest,
Each Sunday I cycled and ran.
Those powerful lungs remain with me still,
And thus I was chosen as spokes-man.

You are old, Earl Norbert, the young man said,
And your eyesight surely has faded.
Yet you lassoed that tree-man, with dextrous skill,
Just how did you do it unaided?

In my youth, said Earl Norbert, I studied with Einstein,
To keep mind and eyes from atrophy.
And the relative things I learned from that sage,
Have given me skill with ent-ropy

You are old, Earl Norbert, the young man said,
And your brain cells have suffered senility.
Yet you're still making puns for BECCON to use,
Pray what gives you such wit and ability?

In my youth, said Earl Norbert, I had strange tastes.
Formic acid on toast was my penchant.
So I dug with a spade, up hill and down dale,
And that is what makes me so trench-ant.

You are old, Earl Norbert, the young man said,
And your taste buds are withered and sere.
Yet you once were a gourmet of both food and drink.
Now what enlivens your existence drear?

In my youth, said Earl Norbert, I ate the best food,
Foie-de-Gras, or garlic-fried offal.
Now I savour the funghi, dug by French pigs -
Do not thank me, it is a mere truffle!

You are old, Earl Norbert, the young man said,
And romance is just a civility.
Yet you seduced Barbarella, and Uhura too.
From whence this amazing virility?

I have answered four questions, - that is enough,
Said our hero, be off you young cur!
A gentlemen never talks about love,
Get away, for I'll say no amour.

BECQUIZ

You may remember that in PR4, as the final part of the Quiz, we asked you to summarize, in verse, one of Richard Cowper's novels. Although there was not a large number of entries, we were very pleased with the quality (and size) of those we did receive. In the end we allocated a joint first prize to Graham Head and Steve Bull, both of whom chose Clone as their text. Their entries were far too long to read out at the Con, so we are printing them here.

But to start with, a short entry from Michael Scott;

The Custodians.

And so, at the End, with a last weary sigh,
'Eat, drink, and be Murry, tomorrow we die.'

and now, one of our joint winners, from Graham Head;

VIEWS OF CLONE

ONE: THE CLONIHAW

When Alvin, Bruce, Col and Des are one
Look who results - Adam Clone!!

TWO: FRAGMENTS OF A POORLY-WRITTEN EPIC RECENTLY DISCOVERED NEAR ZUB.

From Book I :-

Just as Skywalker's life on poor Arrakis
Such is young Alvin's; before this
Our story unfolds. But, though numb-
-ingly boring his tasks, our hero is dumb;
And working with Apes, not a thing
Does he mind of his life by Lake Tring.
Yet, just as Luke is vouchsafed a glimpse
Of a hologrammed Leia, so despite the chimps
A similar vision, of beauty select
(Such as Queen Deja Thoris, or perhaps Elect-
-Ra, or Telzey - when she comes of age -
Or even that woman from Rite of Passage)
Appears as an Angel to stupid young Alvin
(She's really much prettier than Susan Calvin),
The reader is told that this beautiful, Summery
Mirage is in fact an eidetic memory;
Thus we know - unless we've got it all wrong -
That gormless Alvin ain't one of the throng
But a character who, just like Crazy Rick
Appears as a simpleton but isn't as thick
As he seems. To continue, an Ape
Name of Norbert, and nearly a Pap-
-ist to boot, gets involved with the plot
As he happens to be quite good friends with the clot.
He tells Alvin to go see a doctor they know
Who mistakes the complaint and proceeds to throw
A. beneath her, bestride him, and then
Just like Van Buskirk's axe-wielding men

Would cause a young maiden to sigh, or just tremble
As they pleased themselves with their mighty great
Thews, so did she - dressed up just for the treat -
Take advantage of Alvin, and mount him dead strongly.
And yet, when discovered, accuse him quite wrongly
Of 'taking advantage' (a theme of the novel)
Of which he's not guilty, and making him grovel
Like Goliath. All in all, they quickly decide
That Alvin and Norbert should take the long ride
Unto London. (A city with too many people,
The justification for which is quite feeble).

At his point the narrative gets quite disjointed
But the true SF reader won't be disappointed;
As the story is told of young Alvin's conception
In a test tube, and of how by a frightful deception
Four clones are made, (of amazing pedigree
and in a cow gestated (thus saving energy?))
Once born, they're kept separate for most of their lives
But then, due to reasons involving sharp knives
and operations on the head doctor's gut
They are all brought together, as a test but
Alvin and Colin and Desmond and Bruce
Are much too powerful. The doc forces a truce
By spraying the quartet of clones with a gas
Which renders them senseless, and also mass-
-Ages their minds; they forget who they were
In their previous lives - their memories are per-
-fectly blank (you'll admit it's no fun
Their fate is like Hal's is in 2001).
The four brand new zombies is each given a berth
In a different corner of this island earth.
This, the top scientist thinks is quite fair,
And at least the four clones now are out of her hair
So she thinks, but then she knows nought
Of the plot of the novel in which she is caught.
To which we return, to discover that Norbert
Is being berated by some ancient Herbert
Who doesn't think apes like he have a place
Of their own to compare with his own Human race...

From Book II :-

...mystic, wonderful she floats down on her jetpack,
Alvin's bright vision, but there is a setback
As she offers him lotions and potions and pills

But hers are intended to bring on death's sting
She knows more ways of dying than even did Ming
The Merciless in the stories of old
And thus you'll imagine, quite slow to unfold
Is their love. But once Alvin explains
As he really no need of a Madame Desplaines
At knocking himself off he really would balk
(just like that fellow in Pohl's 'Drunkard's Walk'),
And what he needs is some help for the climp
And himself, tho' the former's a wimp
And even less use than old Zachary Smith
As he's gone all Holy, and quotes Christian myth
Just like Lewis or Tolkien on fine Oxford days
(Although I must admit I'd be really amazed
If what they said sounded at all like this Ape).
Now Cheryl, the Angel, she thinks tis a cap-
-Er and agrees to bounce the lads over the wall.
She takes over Norbert, and lets the ape fall
Into a bush and for Alvin comes back.
(Now at this juncture he's under attack
By all of loves weapons, from hot burning bluish
To the stammer, and stutter and mouting of tush
So beloved the World over by all sorts of writers
Who take a delight in making their characters
Seem silly when shot into bits by love's darts.
But anyway, back to the plot). Cheryl starts
To lift Alvin up over the barrier
When some men from the Ministry turn up to harry her
So at this point to avoid committing a blooper
She shoors up to the sky like a wild Starship Trooper
And heads back to her flat...

From Book V :-

...And back comes his memory, he remembers the schema
He's no longer as dumb as a Zabriskian Fontemaa...

...So they meet up again, Alvin and the doc.
At once they decide to get the ball rollin'
And go and team up with Bruce, Des and Collin.
So they leave the Ape rebels to liaise with the media
And leaving behind all the hyping and tedia
They head north for Scotland and the first of their quarry.
(The ape bandits they depart from don't even say sorry).

So MOSS don't know where they may put the finger on
Th' interpid quartet. (That's Norbert, Alvin and Cheryl,
Plus the Professor). So they're all in less peril.

From Book VI :-

...During the service to the Venerable Cusp
It must be said that much susp-
-Icion falls on clone Brother Bruce
As right in the middle of the Abbot's luc-
-id sermon a second Cheryl appears
Completely naked from toes to ears!
(Even as must have been Adam and Eve
At the ends of those stories, so hard to believe
Which begin on a spaceship or right here on Terra
And end up in Eden: 'tis truly an error
To accord such terrible writing much praise
Which such 'maginative lack displays)...

From Book IX :-

...With Police on their tails, like in Logan's Run
They leap for the chopper, and then there's some fun
As the clones employ their sidetic Skill
In a Joe-90 fashion, in the hope that they will
Come up with a memory of just how to fly
This helicopter up into the sky.
But all they come up with is really quite daft;
'The Bright Boy's Book Of World Aircraft',
So Cheryl takes off, with her heart in her mouth
And then the sextet head off for the South.
To where Desmond works at Uma el Raha...

From Book X :-

...And with thus Desmond held under duress
(Although to be honest, it's not that much distress
For the clone is near God-like in all but appearance)
Let us pause a short while from the book's merry dance
And consider a while just what is implied
By the Bester-like Roller Coaster ride
Of the narrative. And peruse anew
That philosophy one would normally eschew
Whilst a-reading. For what is Man but his Mind should bear fruit
Like 'The Wonderful Ice-Cream Suit'?
Yet we wonder at how, Oh! so brutish and short...

From Book M :-

...And as Hubbard has said at far, far greater length
A Hero from Earth as ten Vugs has the strength;
Thus can we see, in its proper setting,
That upon, say, a Chlotan there is no point betting.
So, to quote from Van Vogt in seraphic mood:
...

...So if you look into the black Night of the Soul
(Much deeper a black than that spaceship hull
In The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy
Or Severian's cloak in Wolfe's odyssey
Of the Torturer across a fractured land
- Which, despite the heavy auctorial hand
Is really quite good if you look at it right;
Anyway, back to the Soul's dark Night)
That the way in which 'shadows of the world appear'
Can really seem sometimes inordinately queer...

From Book MCXXXVII :-

...So anyway, back to the novel in question
For too much philosophy can cause indigestion.
We left young Desmond - remember aright
In a situation fright-
-Full to contemplate...
...And thus the treatment
Of Mr O'Duffy is surely not meant
To be racist. Despite the disguise
Of the accent, the chappy is terribly wise...

From Book MCXXXVIII :-

...So love's match is made, for Alvin and Cheryl
They've won out to Eden, despite all dire peril.
And Norbert and Miriam and Cusp are smug, too
In the asomatic universe, through
The work of the clones with their unique bond.
(That's Alvin and Colin and Bruce and Desmond).
And yet how to tell, after all's said and done,
Which clone is which when all clones are one?
At last at the book's close, as they all say Manana,
There is one question left: Whence that smell of banana?

FIN

RECCHYME

STEVE BULL.

In order my efforts result in a groan,
I find I am trying to summarise Clone.
It concerns the tale of a boy called Alvin,
Who was expected to have the morality of Calvin,
But he has a dream of a girl you see,
Whom he's bound to meet subsequently.

In life he's watched over by Maureen Somervell.
If you wink and say chimp she'll reply "Go to hell".
His records say he has no libido,
But Maureen thinks different - what does she know?

So he's sent to the Ministry of Procreation
To analyse the situation.
Norbert the chimp has to go too,
Though he's not the sort you'd find in the zoo.

Later Alvin discovers he is a Clone,
He is illegal but not alone.
But he had been made to forget,
So he doesn't even know that yet.

His project is run by a woman called Poynter.
Norbert and he are off to join her.
But trouble befalls them along the way,
Which results in more than a little delay.

You see they got caught in a protest march
That became a massacre at Marble Arch.
It's all part of a Government scheme,
To remove the troublemakers from the scene.

The ones that say "Sperms should have life."
It's the only thing a man can give to his wife!"
In the mayhem they manage to survive,
And call up an angel to get out alive.

She was one of the Samaritan kind,
Who'll kill you - though she's no axe to grind.
With her help you usually end up past tense
But Alvin she lifted over the fence.

Only to be captured by the U.A.B.
That's Universal Anthropoid Brotherhood to you and me.
Norbert was rescued by Professor Poynter,
But Alvin's capture was bound to disappoint her.

Now the captain of the U.A.B.,
Thought Alvin a total non-entity.
But Alvin wouldn't leave without Cheryl
(Funny name, that, for an angel).

Her capture was seen as a breakthrough for ape,
Though she had to submit to simian rape.
And when her release appeared on So-Vi,
Alvin remembered his ancestry.

They went to find Brother Bruce
Who made Cheryl turn an odd shade of puce,
By making an apparition of her standing naked
Though no-one was sure quite how he could make it.

So Professor Poynter explains how they came to be
Illegal eidetic clones, but it's all the same to me,
And now they are pursued by MOSS
And must find the other clones before all is lost.

Colin, in Holland, well he's in a Coma.
Thinking he's dead would be a misnomer,
Alvin and Bruce can bring him round,
Leaving only Desmond to be found.

Caught in Africa, by Colonel Potzdammer,
His fate was not to end in the slammer.
But though they tried to shoot him dead,
Desmond disappeared instead.

The Clones then go to Zub, a location
That seems ideal for contemplation,
Being the site of the Garden of Eden,
Though calling it that is a little misleading.

Here there's a showdown just as you'd expect,
The Clones managed to scare off EUROSEC.
And so they are left to live in peace.
In an invisible home on an indefinite lease.
They knew they couldn't change people's characters,
Another in the list of life's non sequiters.

END